Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
King. Emillius doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emillius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.
Satur. Then goe successiantly and plead to him.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.
Goth. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bolde in vs, weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging Beesin hottest Sommers day,
Led by their maister to the flowred fields,
And be auengd on cursed *Tamora*:

And

ult. advengd

And as he saith, so say we all with him.
Lucius. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all.
But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius* from our troups I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this discourse:
Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surprizd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needefull of the man.
Lucius. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleasd your Empresse eye,
And heeres the base fruit of his burning lust,
Say wall-eyd slaue whether wouldst thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speake? what deafe, not a word?

A

Pest l. ult 4 — of her Coming.